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## WINANS-JUDSON CO.

404 MASON OPERA HOUSE BUILDING

127 SOUTH BROADWAY

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 20th 1908

Harry S. Swarth Esq.,

Wrangel.

Alaska.

Dear Harry:-

Mr Morcom left for Chicago on the 2nd of July and informed me at that time that you would be likely to reach Wrangel about the first of August so I thought I would bother you a bit by letting you hear of the exciting trip made by members of the Cooper Club at an Outing held on Santa Barbara and San Nicholas I Island.

Eighteen of us left Long Beach on July 2nd on the Flyer capt Graves and crew of one to run the boat. We left the pier at 7.00 and had a very smooth trip up to about 2 P.M. when it got a little foggy and the Captain was afraid to go any further for fear that we would miss the Island so we stopped the boat and watched the gentle waves for about 3 minutes when Howard got tired of doing nothing and made a rush for the side to see where the fishes were, somebody made the unkind remark that he thought Howard looked sick but Lelande said that he did not think so for he seemed to be trying to break the long distance record for heaving grub. At 2.17 1/2 P.M. there was a free for all race to see who could feed the fishes the most and for about an hour it was nip and tuck with the bunch as to who won and as the Captain was the only one who could tell and he wouldn't for fear of causing ill feeling we had to call it a draw with Robertson on O.W. Howard holding out for first place. O.W. and his younger brother Arthur had rolled up in blankets on the deck up to the time when things began to warm up, when we heard a groan and saw the blanket open up and let out a ghost (dressed in a nightie) which flew to the rail and every once and a while it would say "laugh now damn you and show your ignorance"; everybody recovered about 4 A.M. so we had breakfast and climbed all over Santa Barbara, took pictures and anything else that we could lay our hands on. We did not get any thing on Santa Barbara except pictures as all the Gulls had young and did not find any Auklets and the Cormorants were where we could not get at them if we had wanted to.

Everybody got back to the boat about 3 P.M. so we lit out for San Nicholas at that time and had a very pleasant trip across except for a few cases of seasickness and the loss of three hats which the wind took for toll about 6 P.M. just as we were getting in sight of San Nicholas. When we got pretty close to the Island it began to blow and it blew like the devil when he works the Anvil or a little harder, but we managed to pull up to a good anchorage on the East End of the Island where the water was pretty smooth and spent a pretty good night.



Sunday morning every body wanted to go ashore so we loded up the two skiffs that we brought along with us with four in each and started them for the beach which the both reached in a few minutes, one just filled up in going through the breakers and the other just dumped the boys out on the beach so that they arrived all safe and wet. The boat that I went in on just took water in getting through so I only got my feet wet so I sat down on the beach and waited to help the next boat land; it did not need any help for it landed in good shape Robertson stood up in the bough and was ready to jump but a big breaker hit the back end of the boat just as he was taking a long breath and he just dissapeared while Antoine Jay and some else that were sitting in the back end of the boat turned two as pretty somersaults as I have ever seen and Jay held on to his camera and never dropped anything (he was so surprised that he forgot to let lose) . When everybody had landed, in some sort of fashion, we started out to walk around the island, which is about 10 miles long. We went along the South shore and had a very nice trip to say nothing of finding a dead whale on the beach, which did not smell good (I mean the whale). The West end of the Island is covered with indian camps and some of the boys got some skulls and bones besides a few pieces ~~xxxxxxx~~ of arrows and mortars. When we left the West end of the Island and started for camp around the North shore it began to blow and it blew a whole lot, and then it blew some more, to say nothing of filling the air so full of sand that it looked like a snow storm. It blew so hard on some of the ridges that some of the boys said that they could not face the gale and had to hold on to the ground or they might have been blown over a hill. Everybody landed at the beach about six P.M. rather tired pretty hungry and full of dust.

The Captain of the boat waved a hand to us but that was all he could do as the waves were running pretty high and the wind was blowing 60 miles an hour or more. The boat was about half a mile from shore and the sand would hit hard enough to sting on the boat. We found a nice large cave about 50 feet deep and 20 feet accross the mouth and the ceiling was about 10 feet high, so the whole bunch (15) decided to put in the night in the cave as it was the best we could do, so we all rustled wood and kept a big fire all night to keep warm by, about 5 A.M Monday morning the wind let up for a few minutes and we managed to get the boats ashore and everybody got onboard without getting wet.

O.W.Howard was rowed ashore a few minutes after we got back on the boat and made a trip back to the West end of the Island to look for Clarence Lintons father who had a camp on the west end of the Island where the Lintons had been after Abalones, he got back to the beach about 6 P.M. but he and Linton (Clarence) had to stay all night in the cave as we could not land on account of the wind, which had blown so hard all day after O.W. left that we could not land again.

The wind let up next morning (Tuesday) so we took the launch around the Island and picked up Linton senior and made tracks for home where we landed at 11 P.M. right side up with care.

Most of the skin has peeled off my nose and I got pretty well sun burned . I think the trip was a decided success and we all got on our moneys worth (\$10)

Home Builders is doing fine and business has been pretty fair.

Yours Truly

Have heard nor seen anything of Maud or Georgie for some time.

W. B. Judson